

New York Tribune.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1913.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation, under the name of The Tribune, Inc., 134 Nassau street, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.
Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$3.00
Daily and Sunday, 6 mos. \$15.00
Daily and Sunday, 1 year \$28.00
Daily only, 1 mo. \$1.00
Daily only, 6 mos. \$5.00
Daily only, 1 year \$9.00

FOREIGN RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.
Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$4.00
Daily and Sunday, 6 mos. \$18.00
Daily and Sunday, 1 year \$32.00
Daily only, 1 mo. \$1.25
Daily only, 6 mos. \$6.00
Daily only, 1 year \$10.00

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Mr. McAdoo's Charge and the Real Cause of the Bonds' Decline.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo is the last man to make such a charge as he has made against the banks without backing it up at once with proofs. The one thing that reconciled the public to the appointment of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State was that it kept him out of the Treasury portfolio. But has he been kept out of it? It would hardly seem so with the occupant of it shouting "Conspiracy" as lustily as if he were the Nebraska himself.

Mr. McAdoo injures his own good reputation by making a wild charge. He does not promote the cause of sound banking and currency legislation. No good will come from a bill passed in a spirit of hostility and suspicion toward banks. There is too much of that already in the administration plan. Co-operation of the banks should be invited, not repelled.

The criticisms which the banks have made thus far upon the administration proposal seem to us to have been made with a sincere desire to secure legislation that will serve the interests of the country. These criticisms have been moderate. The suggestions which the banks have made have been generally sound and should be useful. The administration plan has not been condemned outright, but proposals have been made for its improvement. It is a pity that the Secretary of the Treasury should lend his name and influence to a Bryanite suggestion that the banks are to be feared and suspected and treated as public enemies.

The fall in the government 2 per cent bonds is easy to explain without Mr. McAdoo's absurd hypothesis of a conspiracy. Their price has depended solely upon the bank circulation privilege attached to them. It is proposed to withdraw that privilege, at once or gradually. The government is breaking its contract with the banks, upon the strength of which they bought the bonds at par or over par. No certainty exists that it will deal honorably with its bondholders and protect them against losses as it changes the terms of its contract with them. It is painful to say this, but it is true. The currency bill as it stands gives no assurance. The radical temper in Congress, the reputation of the Democratic leaders, the Bryanite influence, all tend to produce anxiety among the banks holding the bonds. And such an utterance as that of Mr. McAdoo, coming from a man of his character and antecedents, is not calculated to restore confidence.

Look at the thing fairly. The country proposes a real measure of repudiation of its obligations. Repudiation has a certain popularity. Mr. Bryan, still a controlling influence in the Democratic party, ran for the Presidency upon a platform of wholesale public and private repudiation. Who knows where repudiation will stop? Certainly the bill does not point the limit to it. The temper of Congress is not reassuring. It is no wonder then that some banks have sold part of their holdings of 2 per cents, preferring to pocket present losses to running the chance of much larger losses.

The Democratic majority in Washington can protect the 2 per cents by making it plain that their holders will not lose from changing the conditions on which they were issued and upon which their price has been based. There is a moral obligation upon the country to do this, and to do it would be much more pertinent and much more statesmanlike than to cry "Conspiracy."

Do the Taxicabs Own Our Streets?

The city has for some time behaved as if the highways of the town were the private property of the hotels and taxicab companies. So it is not to be wondered at that suits have been brought to upset the new ordinance which asserts the theory of public ownership in public property.

A large variety of constitutional questions is raised by the suits. Certainly the whole question cannot be too thoroughly litigated and the law and the facts of the situation made too complete and clear. The citizens of New York know exactly what they want, and we think they will get it. When they do we are confident it will be found that a cheap, courteous and reliable taxicab system is as profitable to the companies as it is convenient to the public that is now jolted, insulted and robbed.

Bananas and Statesmanship.

We have not often been able to indorse the economic theories of the Reform Club of this city. But we are with it unreservedly in its criticism of the import tax which the Democratic majority in the Senate is trying to lay on bananas. From a protectionist point of view it is inadvisable to put a duty on a tropical product, not a luxury, which is not producible in the United States. From a revenue point of view it is likewise inadvisable to tax a food staple of general use among the poor.

In contrast with the Reform Club's convincing arguments, we regretfully place the wabbling answer given by the Hon. John Sharp Williams, who, when asked why he had voted to put a duty on bananas, replied:

First, because it is not a basic article of food, and, second, because the banana trade of this country is absolutely controlled by the United Fruit Company, which also is buying up the banana lands abroad. Again, the tax is made so small that it cannot possibly affect the retail price, and the fruit trust will have to pay it.

No tax is so small that it cannot be used to affect the retail price. Besides, if the sole purpose of the Finance Committee was to punish the banana trust, why did it not levy a duty of 10 cents on each banana, and thus put the trust out of business by virtually excluding its product?

In his justly celebrated address informing Henry G. Davis that he had been nominated for Vice-President, Mr. Williams poured out the vials of his sarcasm on American protectionists, saying that they were logically obliged to argue, since bananas might be raised here in hothouses, that the local consumer ought to be obliged to pay whatever is

necessary "in order to prevent the pauper banana, raised by pauper labor, grown on pauper soil, nourished by pauper sunshine—vile foreigner as it is"—from invading the United States.

A little sarcasm is a dangerous thing. Now Mr. Williams is doing what he thought would be a crowning absurdity for protectionists to do, and giving infantile excuses for doing it. All the props have been knocked from under his Jeffersonian statesmanship by simple contact with a banana peel.

The Skirtless Lady Bather of Chicago.

We find it quite impossible to wax grave and shocked over the young woman of Chicago who would go in bathing without a petticoat. Mayor Harrison raises his hands toward heaven and instantly orders skirts for all female bathers. His cries of anguish leave us quite unmoved, however.

It is not that we have been to Ostend—or seen Miss Annette Kellermann dive. We leave the aesthetic question quite to one side. The point is simply that of convenience, common sense and safety. Swimming in a skirt is hard work and a dull affair. Why should it not come off?

Let it be remembered that bloomers always remain—and if desired can be so constructed as to be hopelessly hideous and unattractive. Not even Victorian modesty can ask for more.

The Perils of "Optimism."

Many Senators and Representatives are sustaining Colonel Mulhall's statement that he was "too optimistic." It appears that the colonel's imagination frequently ran away with him when he got to work on his trusty typewriter. The confidential interviews which he described were chiefly such as might have occurred, but didn't. When the colonel was in his best vein he never bothered about the raw material out of which his visions of having placarded legislators and tied strings to them were framed.

The great peril of the Mulhall kind of "optimism" is writing too much. When Senator Quay telegraphed to a candidate for Governor whom he had nominated in Pennsylvania, "Dear Beaver: Don't talk," he was laying down a golden rule for "optimists" out on the firing line of politics. Optimists in the colonel's line of business may safely talk their heads off, but they ought never to take desk room in the same office with a typewriting machine. Mulhall might still be a Napoleon of the twilight zone in Washington if he had not been "too optimistic" in black and white. He would have been wiser to put his bunco communications to the National Association of Manufacturers in the form of heart-to-heart talks.

Genealogy.

The Mayor of Philadelphia, Rudolph Blankenburg, has attended with his cabinet part of the summer session of the University of Wisconsin. But he is no spring chicken. "Once I undertook to trace my ancestry back in Germany," he told an audience not long ago. "I got as far back as the eighth century, and there I found a squatter hanging from the limb of a tree. I didn't trace my ancestry any further."

The encouraging fact about the twentieth century is that it, too, is more interested in schools, the saving of child life, the giving of a chance to the boy and girl whom nature denied a good start than in the dead branches of family trees and the squatters who dangle.

The Great Adventure.

A gentleman, possessed of adequate means and with a taste for adventure, would like to undertake a confidential mission which would demand resource and be fraught with excitement, if not danger. No remuneration desired beyond actual expenses. Polar expeditions barred. Reply, giving the fullest particulars and references (which will be regarded as confidential), to Energetic, 6549, The Times Office, E. C.

So advertised a glorious Englishman in "The London Times" some time ago. The blood of Tartarin and Bunker Bean was in his blood and he fairly ached for a princess to rescue—or any enterprise with a halo of romance upon the brow—providing that the climate was not too cold. Therefore he advertised in "The London Times"—with true British conservatism, it must be conceded.

Perhaps in England it may be necessary to advertise in order to find an occupation "fraught with excitement or danger—though, judging by the pranks of the arson squad, we should hardly have supposed it necessary. But here in America adventure is in the air you breathe; it weaves its mysteries and crowns its heroes day by day. You cannot dodge it if you would.

Just now we should say that adventure was central over the automobile belt—with Detroit as its home and temple. Take a farmer's boy, nurse him on a big idea and finally let him "bat out" a few millions through sheer imagination and during, and if you are not building up a real adventure we are sorry for your definition of that term. The automobile business has plenty of such cases. And it is but the example of the moment.

Of course, if an adventure has to possess shining armor and clashing steel and beautiful, useless Burne-Jones ladies in order to be an adventure, then we have not the material at hand. But if adventure depends not on the trappings but upon the essential risk and daring of the deed, then why cannot plain, ordinary American life, with all the swift turns and luck and magic, hold its own against the best of the Middle Ages?

The Monroe Doctrine and the Concert of Europe.

The Monroe Doctrine was framed and published ninety years ago as a direct effort, almost a challenge, to the concert of Europe, then known as the Holy Alliance. That function of the doctrine lapsed long ago when that form of the concert went out of existence, and its relation to the present concert is somewhat different, though it might practically be the same. Between the two in their practical efficiency comparison is natural and may be profitable.

Europe has often complained because the United States does not act the part of an international bailiff toward all the countries which the doctrine protects—to keep them tranquil, to make them pay their debts and to assure to European capital safe investment in them. The doctrine does not, of course, specifically impose any such duty upon this country, and to what extent it is logically and morally incumbent upon us is problematic. But if it were incumbent upon us in the fullest degree it would have to be confessed that the United States was fulfilling its duty at least as well as the European powers have fulfilled theirs.

For all the six states which are now implicated in this reign of horror in the Balkans are wards of the European concert. For them and their conduct the powers are morally and to some extent legally,

responsible. Thirty-five years ago that responsibility was formally recognized in a great treaty. But for thirty-five years it has been flagrantly dodged and repudiated. When American citizens were kidnapped and outrageously treated by Bulgarian brigands, and when year after year Macedonia was made an earthly hell, the powers went by on the other side. And now that the peninsula is ravaged by the second war within a year, and wholesale horrors are committed such as the world has scarcely seen since Timur-Leng, the powers declare that they can do nothing, for the situation has got beyond their control.

Yes, with all the ructions and revolutions in Central America and Mexico, we must insist that as a restraining grace the Monroe Doctrine is every whit as efficient as the concert of Europe, and we have a cheerful confidence that it will continue to be so. Matters to the south of us are sometimes pretty bad, but they are as nothing when contrasted with the unspeakable doings which occur under the toleration of the European powers.

Fusion seems to be division!

The realization seems at last to be dawning on the Huerta regime that the useful art of murder may be distinctly unlucky if applied to American subjects.

The pies made at Ellis Island for immigrants in the last three years numbered 2,173,197. That seems to prove that most of the newcomers were more than half Americanized before they got here.

AS I WAS SAYING

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound! It is the voice of Mantalini, crying, "Demnitioner and demnitioner!" and referring to the bow-wows of the period. For, such is the power of the press, no one can escape the Doggy Page, with its photographs of weird animals at summer resort bench shows.

Cheer up, Mantalini! These are neither the "howwid dawgth" of Lord Dundreary nor the "demnition bow-wows" of your own immortal phrase. They are—well, the dickens alone knows what, but assuredly not dogs.

Taking a mud turtle's head, the legs of a Louis XVI camp stool and an overgrown Kentucky corkscrew, the breeders attach them to the body of a calabash woodchuck and go in after prizes. It is the boldest humbug since Dr. Cook.

Or they trot out a tailless, rectangular monster, twenty-two hands high, with wool like a wet sheep. "Come, Fido!" they say; but we are not deceived. No, by Jupiter! It may be a revised yak, or an Angora grizzly, or a Manx view of Niagara in winter; a dog, never!

We could multiply instances, but take it that our position is already clear. Enforce the Pure Dog Law!

Who's this, blazing out in print about red hair and saying no great man ever wore it? He overlooks our gorgeous friend O'Flinn, who displayed true greatness at the very beginning of his football career. Faith! grand it was to see his disgust as the captain explained the signals and to hear his fervid exclamation: "To hill yid your mystic signs! Show me me mon!"

No wonder Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been celebrating his visit to Mistrail, who is a poet after our own heart. Sings in Provencal, thus enabling us to worship on all fours without bothering to read him.

"Many chickens thrive in close quarters," writes the Poultry Editor, but we think it a great cruelty. We understand from the head waiter that if you apply your ear to a chicken at night the grinding of the pebbles in its gizzard can be distinctly heard. When several hundred chickens are caged in one coop, consider the rumble, the jar, the envy!

Happily, the murder of sleep among chickens seems in the way of abatement. Reform is in the air. Why was Perkins fired—Perkins, the oldest and trustiest attaché of the Quaker City "Quiver"? Because he snored on duty, and wrote the other editors.

There are mutterings about Mexico, and have been for quite a spell, but we are conscious of something wanting. Who sports a "Mexico Libre" button, or prates of "manifest destiny," or flies into camp meeting conviction its over the spiritual splendor of uplifting an inferior race? Nobody. And that is odd, for the ethnologists tell us that the only good Mexican is a dead Indian.

Thus soon is the gospel of Rudyard Kipling forgotten, though it was a treasure while it lasted. Pictured sixty-eight Tommies seated on one gasping native, and called it "The White Man's Burden."

No, fond correspondent, the "monkey crouch" is not a dance; it is the Yankee style of riding a race-horse, and we hear that it is meeting with pretty skillful criticism in England, where they think a jockey should avoid bestriding the animal's neck, as the practice has too much the appearance of meeting the militants half way.

For our part, we believe in the monkey crouch. It torments the horse rather worse than whip and spurs, and consequently makes for speed. Don't imagine a horse aims to oblige you when he cuts ahead in response to a flick on the ear or because you have spiked his liver. Not at all! He is looking out for Number One. He never loses faith in that nice, safe, comfortable place off yonder, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. In his hour of affliction he dashes for it like greased lightning.

This we sometimes consider a good deal of a joke on the horse, and then again not. Often, when American tourists flying past us in a cloud of dust, with sparks spouting out, we have heard that cry of their aching hearts: "Anywhere but here!"

As usual, the "movies" are catching it like Sam Hill, though not without reason this time. Psychologists, neurologists and adepts in child-study report dreadful effects on infant nerves. Plainly, photodramas are not good for the small. Too many thrills to the minute!

And yet we have a kind word for "movies" despite that. Just consider their benign influence upon our vast and ever-increasing foreign population! Before they have learned a word of English these simple souls can flock to the picture palace and witness vivid portrayals of American life.

Take the case of a newly arrived bashibazouk. Naturally, he supposes that in a free country he can do as he pleases. He needs a warning, and gets it. Like as not, the very first reel informs him that he has come among people who, on the slightest provocation, pursue a malefactor in hordes. Over fences they go, across rivers, through swamps. They "swim o'er all the mountains and climb o'er all the seas, till, half dead with terror, our bashibazouk makes the sign of the crescent and groans: "Oh, darn it! It's me for the paths of virtue!"

CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

From The Springfield Republican.
The rumor that a movement has started in Congress to pension the surviving Confederate veterans must have been born at the Gettysburg celebration. It is not likely for the present to get any further North than Lee's army did. The war is over, but the annual pension appropriation for old soldiers is bigger than ever before in American history.

THE FACE IS THE FACE OF M'ADOO—



But the Voice is the Voice of Bryan.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

THE BULGARIAN "HORDE"

It Was of Considerable Service to the "Noble Greek Army."

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In to-day's issue of your paper Mr. Manuel D. Christandides calls the Bulgarian army a "wild horde." The Bulgarian army was not "a horde" while heroically pushing the Turk to Asia and gave ample time to the so-called "noble Greek army" to take a picnic trip to Salonica. While the Bulgarian soldier was holding the Turk behind Chatalja lines and in Gallipoli for the united cause of the Greek government concentrated in "The noble army" in the vicinity of Salonica. Was this the morality of the Greek policy?

As to the Kikish, Doiran and Seres massacres, which were said to have been committed by the Bulgarian army, one does not need to think much in order to find out that they are a Greek machination. According to the reports from Athens 30,000 were killed at Doiran. This town does not contain one-half the above number. It must be a mystery to a thinking person how a retreating Bulgarian army, hotly pursued by the "noble Greek army," can stop and perform on their victims all the cruel deeds of killing as described by King Constantine. This goes to prove that the "noble Greek army" was either too slow, which will be contrary to the Greek reports, or such a massacre never took place.

VANGEL K. SUGAROFF.
Mount Hermon, Mass., July 24, 1913.

MOSS FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

He Is the Logical Man to Carry on Mr. Whitman's Work.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In making up the New York County ticket this year the most important office to be filled in the opinion of the public is that of District Attorney, so ably filled for nearly four years past by the Hon. Charles S. Whitman. As Mr. Whitman has declared his candidacy for the Mayoralty and a large body of his fellow citizens think he is entitled to promotion the position of District Attorney must be otherwise filled. We need not seek long for the candidate. The general feeling is that the one man pre-eminently fitted for the place is the Hon. Frank Moss, who has so ably and devotedly assisted Mr. Whitman to achieve the great success that Mr. Whitman has certainly achieved in that tremendously important office, and for which the City of New York is so greatly indebted to him.

Mr. Moss has been in the public mind and eye for many years. He was associated counsel to the Lexow committee, chief counsel for the Moxey committee and counsel to the Society for the Prevention of Crime. He has also been a Police Commissioner. It is needless to say that he filled every position with credit to himself and with benefit to the community. The public knows he did so. The public knows that doing things right is a habit Mr. Moss has. It's perfectly natural. He cannot help it.

It fell to his lot to try many of the important cases, notably those of Lieutenant Becker and the four gunmen in the Rosenthal murder case, of bank presidents Cummins and Montgomery, and the bribery trials of Chamberlain Hyde and

BRYAN'S CHANGE OF FRONT

He Once Thought \$5,000 Ample Salary for a Public Servant.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Mr. Bryan's complaint against the American people that they do not pay him enough to keep up the dignity of his position is in striking contrast with an editorial of his which appeared in "The Commoner" at the time when Congress was considering a bill to raise the salaries of United States Supreme Court justices from \$12,500 to \$15,000, with a corresponding increase in the salaries of the circuit and district judges.

In the interests of what he would call "democratic simplicity" Mr. Bryan, in the columns of "The Commoner," strenuously opposed that bill. The editorial in question was written after Mr. Bryan had come back from his trip around the world, and at a time when his friends were assuring the American people that his horizon had widened and his mind broadened. In substance, that editorial was somewhat as follows:

"If you pay a judge \$5,000 he will live in accordance with the habits of plain people. He will rent a modest house, in a quiet quarter of the town, and will live on a simple scale.
"If you raise his salary to \$7,500 he will get a more expensive house and live among people who adopt the \$7,500 scale of living.
"If you raise his salary to \$10,000 he will only get a still more expensive house and live on a still more costly scale.
"If you give him \$12,500 or \$15,000 he will spend his summers at a fashionable watering place," etc., etc.

"And thus, by these successive increases of salary, our judges get in the habit of living among the rich people; they breathe the atmosphere of the moneyed classes, and, in that way, get out of touch with the masses of the people, for whom the courts are to hold the even scales of justice."

That editorial, pandering as it did to the meanest prejudices of the inexperienced masses, showed Mr. Bryan to be an ardent demagogue. If the editorial had any point it meant that it was a pity that the judges' salaries had ever been raised above \$5,000, at all events, that it would have been more wholesome if the Supreme Court salaries had remained at \$8,000, which was what was paid during Grant's administration.

Now that it is Mr. Bryan's "ox that is being gored," and he is whining because his salary of \$12,000 a year, plus his valuable perquisites, is not enough wherewith to support the dignity of his office, he deserves to have the American people's attention called to that contemptible editorial.

In thus living in a \$4,000 house and spending so much that in order to keep up the dignity of his position he must scramble for the gate receipts in a Chautauqua circuit, I fear that the so-called "Commoner" is growing away from the "Peepul."

THE SIMPLE LIFE.
Washington, July 23, 1913.

THE ADMIRABLE DRAGON FLY

A Reader Wishes the Public to Know Its Value.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In a store window there are displayed some specimens of the common "dragon fly" and a brief note describing same. The public is asked to protect this insect as being harmless and a benefactor to mankind in that in both the larva and mature form it exists upon the great germ carrying pests, mosquitoes and flies. It occurs to me that since the popular notion that these insects are "stingers" results in the destruction of large numbers of them, the public should be disabused of this erroneous idea, so that these "dragon flies" may be protected for the interest of the public health. May I therefore solicit publicity through the medium of your paper?

H. A. DUCKETT.
Newark, N. J., July 25, 1913.

WOMAN THE TRAGEDY

Why She Is Discontented—What She Looks Forward To.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Let us glance at woman as she stands on the threshold of 1913, the third centuries piled up frontings, threateningly in the background. From the nature of things woman is the very antithesis of man. Woman was born for the seduction, the fascination, the enthrallment of man.

The woman of 1913 should be subtle. She is not, subtlety being the faculty in mental and potential attributes constituted for the purpose of development, meaning progress. However, subtlety is a gift of the gods and will come later in her evolution. Woman at the present is "Human, all too Human." Above and beyond all this, and because of all this, there is the blazing fire in all women of an elemental tragedy. The tragic element will be an integrate part of woman until she is given the privilege of the ballot and is enabled to work out her own salvation. Until that time chaotic conditions will obtain and will be a law in the social evolution of woman, to her obvious undoing.

And this is the reason for the tragedy. Woman. Men themselves have awakened woman from her dream of the "doles far niente." Men themselves have pointed out to her the freedom of life. More life.

And the joy of mere living. The exploitation of "the survival of the fittest" has indicated to woman by a species of humorous paradoxical logic, erase it may be in reasoning, "the line of least resistance." So that woman has found out that she is by a certain bludgeoning of chance weary of suffering all things without the equivalent of an equity in emoluments. The woman of 1913 desires the glory of the sunshine. This woman thinks in a vague way that life possibly holds dreams that are beyond the ken of man, of even life itself. Ingenious man has inadvertently been the open sesame to this winter of woman's discontent. In other words, man has shown by example and precept the way to further dreaming, and fuller life. Woman has grasped at it. And why not?

MARIE VON HAHN.
Yonkers, N. Y., July 25, 1913.